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On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

IS STUDYING NECESSARY?

Once there were three roommates and their names were Walter *Pellucid, Casimir Fing, and LeRoy Holocaust and they were all* taking English lit. They were all happy, friendly, outgoing types and they all smoked Philip Morris Cigarettes as you would expect from such a gregarious trio, for Philip Morris is the very essence of sociability, the very spirit of amity, the very soul of concord, with its tobacco so mild and true, its packs so soft and flip-top, its length so regular or long size. You will *find when you smoke Philip Morris that the birds sing for you* and no man's hand is raised against you.

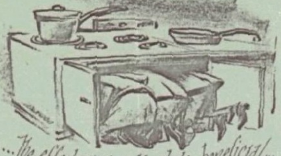
Each night after dinner Walter and Casimir and LeRoy went *to their room and studied English lit. For three hours they sat* in sombre silence and pored over their books and then, squinty and spent, they toppled onto their pallets and sobbed themselves to sleep.

This joyless situation obtained all through September and October. Then one November night they were all simultaneously struck by a marvelous idea. "We are all studying the same thing," they cried. "Why, then, *should* each *of* us study for three hours? Why not each study for *one* hour? It is true we will only learn one-third as much that way, but it does not matter because there are three of us and next January before the exams, we can get together and pool our knowledge!"

Oh, what rapture then fell on Walter and Casimir and LeRoy! They flung their beanies into the air and danced a schottische and lit thirty or forty Philip Morrises and ran out to pursue the pleasure which had so long, so bitterly, been missing from their lives.

Alas, they found instead a series of grisly misfortunes. Walter, alas, went searching for love and was soon going steady with a coed named Invicta Breadstuff, a handsome lass, but, alas, hopelessly addicted to bowling. Each night she bowled five hundred lines, some nights a thousand. Poor Walter's thumb was a shambles and his purse was empty, but Invicta just kept on bowling and in the end, alas, she left Walter for a pin-setter, which was a terrible thing to do to Walter, especially in this case, because the pin-setter was automatic.

Walter, of course, was far too distraught to study his English lit, but he took *some comfort from the fact that his room*mates were studying and they would help him before the exams. But Walter, alas, was wrong. His roommates, Casimir and LeRoy, were nature lovers and they used their free time to go for long tramps in the woods. One November night, alas, they were treed by two bears, Casimir by a brown bear and LeRoy by a Kodiak, and they were kept in the trees until mid-January when winter set in and the brown bear and the Kodiak went away to hibernate.



...The effects were, on the whole, beneficial...

So when the three roommates met before exams to pool their knowledge, they found they had none to pool! Well sir, they had a good long laugh about that and then rushed to the kitchen and stuck their heads in the oven. It was, however, an electric oven and the effects were, on the whole, beneficial. The wax in their ears got melted and they acquired a healthy tan and today they are married to a lovely young heiress named Ganglia Bran and live in the Canal Zone, where there are many nice boats to wave at.

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And here's a wave at you filter smokers. Have you tried Marlboro—same fine flavor, new improved filter and better makin's—made by the makers of Philip Morris, sponsors of this column?